GLADYS REECE, EDITOR
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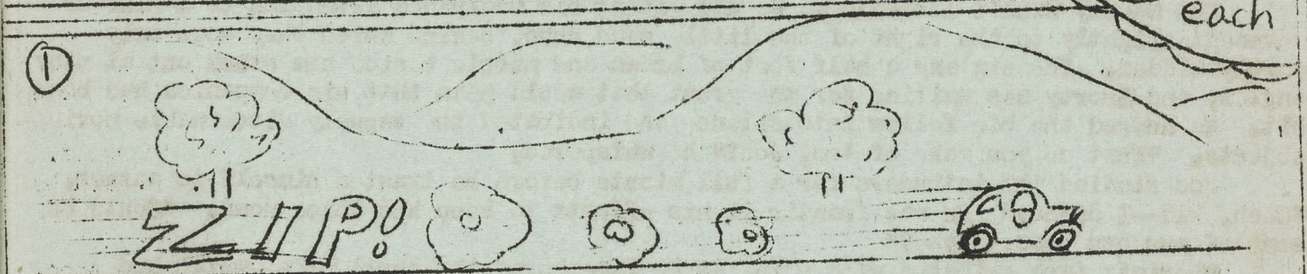
HOMEWARD BOUND!!!

5¢ each



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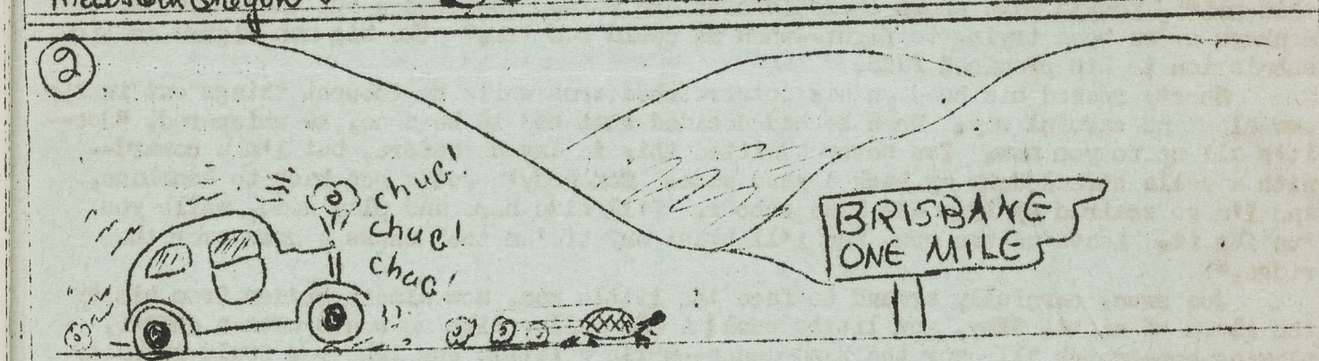

THAT LAST LONG MILE HOME →

G. Reece.

BE A'SEE'IN YA NEIGHBORS

(And don't let me catch anybody saying—"OH? HAVE YOU BEEN AWAY?"—Them's EIGHTIN' WORDS - PODNUH!!) yes - Gladys Reece

GRIT!!— a short story—

The huge geyser of sand and dirt and gravel subsided slowly, and with painstaking care. Thirty seconds of absolute silence followed, after which two heads could have been seen above the ridge of the sand dune. Two heads, where there had been twelve.

They could taste the grit of the sand in their teeth, and the sting of it on their faces, while they waited. Then the larger of the two men thrust a hairy fore-arm out in front of him, and inspected the watch on his bony wrist. "Hey, Mac!" he called, "You all right? Not much like picnicing at Playland, back in 'Frisco, is it?"

The smaller of the two Marines turned on the side that was not aching from close association with small pebbles and hard, wet sand. He spat out his answer through clenched teeth--"Yes, I'm okay, I guess. And how many times do I hafta tell you my name ain't Mac, and I ain't never been to 'Frisco?"

The big fellow grinned in the darkness, and retorted, "And I still say you ain't never lived if you ain't never been to THE CITY. Regular humdinger of a place, if I do say so myself!"

But Shorty wasn't listening. He was giving his undivided attention to a blur of movement slightly to the right of the little sand dune, behind which they were only partly hidden. The six and a half feet of brawn and muscle beside him stuck out at many angles, and Shorty was waiting for the grunt that would mean that his companion had been hit. He nudged the big fellow into silence and indicated the vaguely discernable moving objects. "What do you make of 'em, Joe?" he whispered.

Joe studied the intruders for a full minute before he trusted himself to answer. "Gosh, kid--I dunno." He was frantic in his efforts to keep his voice down. "Could be some of our own boys, maybe?"

Shorty's face grimaced with pain, as he remembered the shell burst which had virtually destroyed their small group, and he wondered if Joe had forgotten it so soon. Some of the bodies around them had stopped twitching, and there wasn't enough left of the others for identification purposes. He was instantly contrite at his disloyal thought, and he answered, "I hope to God you're right, Joe!"

Joe broke a long and thoughtful silence with, "No--if any of our boys got out of this alive, they'd have shown themselves before this. That bunch out there must be the monkeys we've been trying to fight--when we could see 'em." The big man sighed in tired submission to his promised fate.

Shorty rested his head on his outstretched arms while he thought things out in his own slow and careful way. When he had decided what had to be done, he whispered, "Joe--it's all up to you now. Ive never admitted this to anyone before, but I'm a coward--with a yella streak down my back a yard wide. Somebody's gotta get back to homebase, and I'm so scaired my legs are like rubber. I'll hide here and play dead, while you run for it. Leave me the gun, and I'll blast any of 'em that shows a grin over the ridge."

Joe swung carefully around to face the little man, now almost hidden from him by the gloom of night. "Why, you little punk! A big feller like me won't have a chance, playing hop-scotch all over the sand dunes--while a little guy like you could probably get through okay. If they did see you, they'd think you were one of their own bandy-legged little breed, and your new yella color-scheme would fit right in. No sir---if anybody is gonna stay here and hide, it's gonna be me!"

Shorty sighed, and said, "In peacetime, I was a bell-hop. Bellhops have a pretty soft livin', back in the states. The only fightin' we ever did, we did with brass-knucks and broken bottles. The only places we learned to hide in was city streets, and city buildin's. What good would I be, out there in the open spaces? I'd get myself a slug right between the shoulder blades. I'd be no good out there, Joe. Like I said, my legs are like rubber, I'm so scaired. I'd give the whole thing away---feel how my hand is shaking."

Joe snorted, and spat out a stream of insults. "Okay, you yella-livered cream-puff. I don't know how you ever managed to get into this outfit, but gy golly, if I get back to homebase alive, I'll see to it you're bounced out of it!" and he was gone, snaking his way over the wet sand. Shorty covered the retreat with occasional shots from the one gun left intact, and kept firing until his ammunition was exhausted.

For awhile Shorty was still and quiet---and then the sound of soft sobbing filled the night air. In his pit of lonliness, he almost welcomed the dark shapes that were wriggling their ways toward him from the clump of trees at the edge of the clearing. Then he reached a trembling hand down to his legs, to see if any of the feeling had come back into the legs made useless by the shell fragment that had pierced both knee-caps.

"I couldn't tell you about it, Joe," he whispered, "You wouldn't have left me here--and somebody had to live long enough to get back and tell what happened to us!"

---by Gladys Reece, Editor the BRISBANE BYLINE

— page Two —

FOR THAT HOME-COOKED FLAVOR—
THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

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CAMPING.---There are "Peace Petitioners" going around that are not all they seem. According to the "HOUSE OF UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE"--these petitioners are "Communist characters"--and that your name on the list may serve as a "means for blackmailing for years to come."

--as pointed out by Dorris Haddock

--as reprinted in part from the Oakland Tribune, July 13, 1950, on page 3.

THE RED TOP CAFE
Always a "75¢" Special!
eat here for less

Mrs. Linnie Record of Palo Alto, sister of Mr. Scott of the Fountain of Youth, passed away last Monday. Two other sisters, Mrs. Minnie Lear and Effie Payne of Los Angeles were up for the funeral, staying from Monday to Friday. A brother of Pueblo, Colorado was also out for the funeral.

****

Mr. Scott's nephew, Jerry O'Leary of Hamilton Field has been visiting for a week with his uncle and aunt. He is an air-force mechanic.

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Fred Schmidt, Jr., gave a bachelor dinner for his brother Paul who is to be married tomorrow at the Church of "Our Lady of the Wayside" at Woodside.

Paul and his bride will live on Mono Street in Brisbane.

****

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Byram of 12 Eldorado St. have just returned home from a hurried trip to Omaha, Nebraska. Mrs. Byram's sister, Mrs. Cleo Capper was not expected to live.

An outstanding song at the present time being sung by Mrs. Bell and Mr. Moore is the "Kentucky Blues". Mrs. Bell and Mr. Moore are part of the cast of the P. T. A. Glee Club.

The P. T. A. Glee Club has a new member--a lady who use to be with Scandals Follies in New York years ago; her name is Mrs. McIntyre.

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Movie Review

The Furies: One of the film making masterpieces that will thunder its way into screen history to occupy a proud place with such immortals as the "Covered Wagon" "Cimarron" is the new Paramount picture "The Furies." This picture stars Barbara Stanwyck, Wendo Cordy, and Walter Houston.

The name is derived from the name of the ranch "The Furies" that is owned by Walter Houston and his headstrong daughter Barbara Stanwyck. This film definitely refutes the calamity howlers that Hollywood has lost its touch. The story was masterfully written by Niven Busch, the same author who wrote "The Capture" which recently played at the local theater. It is an unusually long picture, lasting over two hours--but to those who see it will find the two hours well spent.

----By Chris A. Montis
Mgr. Brisbane Theater

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PLATFORM OF THE CALIFORNIA CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS

In these days of unsettled peace, world economic problems, and clashing ideologies, we seek first of all to provide our children with security We define security as a state of being which is derived from an inner individual peace based upon;

A vital, sustaining faith in God:
Mental and emotional stability derived from understanding and affection in the home;
Knowledge of one's ability and training for its use;
Sharing responsibilities as a citizen of the home, the school, and the community;
A willingness and an opportunity to make a useful contribution to the world;
A world in which constructive skills are of value and where youth may look forward with hope;
Economic security resulting from competence and effort of the individual;
Reasonable public provision for the needy;

We, then, propose a program of intensive effort to develop in our children those mental, emotional, and spiritual qualities which will secure for them their rightful heritage.

(To be Continued Next Week)
--Submitted by Dorthy Radoff
Publicity Chairman,
Brisbane P. T. A.

****

WANTED: A Scoutmaster for the Brisbane Boy Scouts! No experience necessary; information and schooling will be furnished.

A Scoutmaster holds the position and the responsibility of the molding of hundreds of young lives. These youngsters will someday run Brisbane!

Inquire of William Rook, Police Commissioner at 432 Monterey; or Walden A. Delbon at 392 Klamath St.

****

Last Saturday and Sunday July 22, 23, the Pacific Coast Water Ski Championship was held at Donner Lake.

Those competing from Brisbane were William Rook, Sr., and son William Jr. Ralph and Elsie Mooers--all of whom competed in the events. Wm. Rook, Sr., was the only one from Brisbane who placed in the events. He placed eighth--and by the way, he was the oldest man entered in the events. The events consisted of Jump, (Wm. placed 0) trick-riding, (6th) slalom course (6th)
Not bad for a Police-Commissioner!

****

FROM August 1st---10th call this number for any help pertaining to POLICE! Emerson 8.3911

****

A Bekins Van loaded with furniture across the highway by the Chicken-Basket caught fire last night. The interior of the truck was destroyed.

****

Back from a vacation are Richard Trantham and Mansel Roland. They were at Greenfield, Monterey County, at Richard's grandmother, Mrs. Myrtle Love. The boys were gone a week and a half. I understand the boys had a job part of the time.

****

Eddie Roland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland of Sierra Point competed in the LaHonda Rodeo. He did not place

****

The Brisbane Atheletic Club is playa four-team playoff and the winner will receive another trophy. The top four teams of the South Peninsula Baseball Teams are the one's playing.

The game will be held at Flood Park, Sunday, July 30--4:00 P.M.

These boys need all of the support they can receive from their town--they have only lost one game this year.

They are worth the uniforms that we went out and asked for the donations for!

--part of the team belong to DeMolay Lodge of South San Francisco Everybody please come to the game!

****

Howard Green is leaving Monday, Aug. 1st., for Camp Pendleton. Howard was a reserve in Marines--when the reserves was called, he was taken in the regulars.

****

Ronnie King, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank King of Luxury Cleaners broke his arm last Friday. Jumping off of the step was the cause of the accident.

****

FROM AUGUST 1--10th dial this number for all POLICE CALLS!

Emerson 8.3911